

PUBLISHED THURSDAY MORNING,
By RUSSELL EATON,
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EZEKIEL HOLMES, Editor.

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MAINE FARMER.

A Family Paper; Devoted to Agriculture, Mechanic Arts, General Intelligence, &c.

VOL. XIV.

AUGUSTA, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1846.

NO. 38.

MUCK FOR ASPARAGUS AND RHUBARB.

A good bed of asparagus is valuable for affording an early vegetable for the table, equal to green peas; and a few roots of rhubarb are also valuable for affording green sauce and tart pies equal to the best of apples. To have either of these articles early and in perfection, they should be well manured, and if the manure be put on in the fall, it will serve as a protection as well as a nutrient, and bring them forward early in the spring.

A writer of the signature of R. W. T., in the August number of the Horticulturalist, recommends muck from a peat bog for covering sea kale and rhubarb with. We can recommend it also for asparagus, and on his experiment it will also do well for rhubarb.

The writer recommends covering these beds in November.

He says, in November I covered my whole bed of sea kale fourteen inches deep with peat earth. I was able to commence cutting the shoots for boiling, the next spring long before my neighbors, and the size and flavor were certainly all I could desire. *

Since I have found the value of the peat earth for raising early blanched sea kale, I have also tried it with rhubarb. Upon this vegetable it acts equally well. I cover the crowns of rhubarb in the fall, about eighteen inches deep, with the black peat soil, heaped up in the shape of a flattened cone or hill. From such hills I am able to cut blanched stalks in abundance, at least twelve or fourteen days before the roots in the open quarters afford me any stalks. Those who like a fine early tart will not think this too much trouble to obtain it. I should also mention, perhaps, that as soon as the season for cutting these plants is past, I draw away all the covering of peat, and mix it with my compost heap, or apply it to any part of the ground.

We think the above suggestions valuable, and may lead to the cultivation of sea kale in our latitude. We think such a covering of peat will be ample protection for it from the severity of our winters, and our gardeners and farmers will find it an excellent vegetable to cultivate for the table.

BUCK WHEAT.

Many farmers, from not being acquainted with the management of this grain, often permit it to remain too long in the field. In some cases it is not cut till so much of it has ripened that the process of mowing and getting in, is necessarily attended with heavy loss.

As a general rule, it

should be cut when two thirds of the grain is fully ripe; and, when practicable, before the advent of severe frosts.

By following this rule, we not only economize a large amount of the heaviest and best developed grain, which the action of severe frost would cause to "shatter," but we also save, in addition, a very considerable proportion of that which is immatured, and which, if exposed to the direct and powerful action of this principle, would be a total loss. When cut at the period above specified, the succulent and juicy state of the *haulm* will cause the unripened grain to fall almost if not quite as rapidly after being cut, as under the most favorable and auspicious circumstances, it could possibly have done before that operation.

This assertion we are aware will appear paradoxical to many, yet it is nevertheless strictly true. As the grain stands in the field, a heavy frost necessarily affects every part and fibre; but when cut and raked into heaps or small bundles, only the outer surface is exposed; consequently a very large proportion of the entire mass remains unripened, and will finally ripen and become good and perfect grain. And this result is experienced even where there is exposure to many and severe frosts for many successive nights.

Should the *haulm* be extraordinarily heavy and succulent, it may be proper frequently to turn the heaps. This operation should be performed with a careful hand, as rough usage will inevitably be attended with considerable loss. After remaining several days in this condition, it should be pitched into a cart, and taken to the barn to be threshed; or, should the farmer prefer it, this operation may be performed in the field.

w.

WEEDS IN CORN.

Most farmers hoe their corn some two or three times and then leave it for the season. If the last hoeing is performed in July, the weeds start up and attain maturity, perfect their seeds, and thus increase greatly the labor of tillage the succeeding year. The old adage—"One year's seeding makes seven years' weeding," is a true one, and ought sedulously to be borne in mind. The object of hood crops is always, in part, to cleanse the soil—to eradicate spurious vegetation and prepare it for the subsequent crop of grain or grass.

Every careful farmer will look over his corn fields this month, and see that no weeds are springing up, as by permitting them to go to seed, the advantages anticipated from the cultivation of the crop, will be lost, and the following crop materially diminished. In cultivating hood crops, great care should be taken to preserve the soil perfectly clean throughout the season. w.

SAVING SEEDS. Every farmer should make it an invariable rule to save his own seeds. By exercising care, and selecting none but the best, he will be more certain to secure the kind and quality desired. No vegetable or plant of any kind should be selected or planted, that is not of the first quality. The expense of raising seed from good, well developed plants, is no more than from inferior ones.

We have now a variety of corn the maturation of which has been greatly promoted by selecting, for seed, the first ripe ears. Its productiveness, also, we think, has been augmented fully one third by taking the ears from stalks producing from two to three, and only such as were perfect and well filled. w.

MAINE FARMER.

Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man.

DIFFERENT QUALITIES OF MILK AT DIFFERENT STAGES OF MILKING.

It is well known to many that milk varies in its character according to the stage of the milking in which it is taken from the cow. That which is taken first is much thinner and has less cream than that which is taken last. It is supposed, too, by some, that any impurities of milk, arising from any thing that the cow has eaten, such as turnips or onions, is contained principally in the first portion drawn by the milker. We find in an old number of the Massachusetts Agricultural Repository, some experiments detailed by an individual, in regard to these things, which some of our readers may be curious to know. They were extracted from Anderson's recreations in Agriculture.

Several large teacups exactly of the same size were taken, one of them was filled at the beginning of the milking of the cow, and the others at regular intervals, till the last, which was filled with the dregs of the stripings. A counter weight being put in for each cup, they were individually weighed, so as to ascertain with precision that the same quantity of milk was contained in each cup. From a great number of experiments, frequently repeated, with many different cows, the results were in all cases as follows:

The quantity of cream obtained from the first drawn cup, was in every case much smaller than from that which was last drawn; and those between afforded less or more, as they were nearer the beginning or the end. The quantity of cream obtained from the last drawn cup, from some cows, exceeded that from the first in the proportion of sixteen to one. In other cows and under particular circumstances, the disproportion was not quite so great; but in no case did I find it fall short of the ratio of eight to one. Probably, upon the average of a great many cows, it might be found to run at the ratio of ten or twelve to one.

This was not all. It was found that there was not only a great difference in the *quality* of cream, between the first stripings and the last, but there was also an essential difference in the *quality*. The experimenter goes on to state that the cream in the first drawn cup, especially when the difference in the quantity was very great, was only a thin tough film, and very white. That in the last drawn cup was of a butyraceous consistency, and of a glowing richness of color, that no other kind of cream is ever found to possess. Nor was this all. The difference in the quality of the milk, after the cream was removed, that remained, was perhaps still greater. That in the last drawn cup was a thin, bluish liquid, appearing as if a very large portion of water had been blended with ordinary milk. That in the last cup was of a thick consistency, yellow color and rich taste, more resembling cream than milk in all respects, only sweeter to the taste, and less oily upon the palate.

Now the practical inference to be drawn from these experiments, is this. *Always milk clean.* It is very evident, as the writer afterwards observes, that he who leaves behind only a half pint of milk that might have been obtained, loses, in fact, as much cream as would have been yielded by about six or eight pints of milk at the beginning, and loses, besides, that portion of cream which alone can give richness and high flavor to his butter.

There was another experiment which interested us somewhat. It is well known to those who have had much to do with milk, that farrow cows give milk that is perceptibly salt. The milk of a farrow cow whose milk was quite salt, was drawn into different cups, one after another. On examination, in the order which they were drawn, it was found that the first cup was the saltiest of any, and that this taste gradually abated in each succeeding cup, till about the middle, when it totally disappeared. From this it is inferred, although we believe no experiment has been tried to prove it, that the nauseous taste arising from certain substances eaten, as cabbages, turnips, garlic, onions, &c., may affect the milk in the same manner.

NEW IMPORTATION OF MERINOES. The September number of the American Agriculturist mentions the importation of some excellent Merino sheep, by Mr. John A. Taintor, of Hartford, Conn. Mr. Allen, the editor of the Agriculturist, took pains to visit and examine them, and considers them superior to any thing yet brought here.

He thinks the rams, when full grown, will weigh from two hundred and fifty-five to two hundred and fifty pounds each. The size of one of them was sold in Europe for five hundred dollars, and afforded twenty-three pounds of unwashed wool.

GARDEN AND FIELD HERBS. These should be cut while in blossom, and cured in the shade. By so doing, their peculiar flavor is preserved, and they are consequently much more efficient for medicinal purposes than when dried in the sun. w.

If your cows are restive in consequence of soreness in the teats or udder before milking, apply common molasses. It should be applied in the morning, and well rubbed in,—also before milking at night. A dairy woman of our acquaintance, of much intelligence in relation to matters of this nature, informs us that she is aware of no better or speedier remedy. w.

See that all the black excrescences on your cherry and plum trees are cut out and burned.

INOCULATION OF FRUIT.

Some prefer inoculating their fruit stocks, particularly cherries, pears, plums, &c., in August. But our own experience teaches us that both budding and inoculation may be performed with success even as late as the middle of September. A peach tree, standing beneath our window, which we budded on the 21st of this month, is decidedly the most healthy and flourishing one of the kind we ever saw, and the most affluent bearer. In some seasons, however, even the latter part of August is too late. Neither inoculation nor budding can be successfully performed unless the bark runs, and this is a circumstance greatly dependent on soil and season. Inoculation is probably one of the easiest and most successful methods of obtaining improved fruit with which science has brought us acquainted. Many descriptions of fruit that will not admit of propagation by grafting, may be budded with perfect success. It is an art that should be understood and practiced by every farmed and orchardist in the land. w.

HARVESTING BUCK WHEAT.

To the Editor of the Maine Farmer:

In an article in your paper some time ago, you gave some directions in regard to raising and harvesting buck wheat. In such matters the Doctor ought to know best, but permit me to say that your mode of harvesting is not the most approved in places where buck wheat raising is more general than here; and I believe it is not the best.

Instead of mowing, raking, and pitchng from heaps, which must always be attended with loss, unless it is done while the haulm is too green or wet to be carried in and threshed, the practice in New York, Connecticut, Vermont, and New Hampshire, is to cradle it when in about the condition you recommend, and immediately, with a rake, put it into bunches about the size of wheat sheaves, and set it up without binding. The raking, or rolling together with a rake, twist it together in such a manner that it will stand any desirable length of time; and when perfectly dry may be taken up with a fork, and placed on the cart without the loss of a grain. Having seen this practice pursued in Vermont, for years ago, I tried it last year myself, and secured my crop without the loss of a pint, when I had it in equally good condition to thresh, by your method would have been attended with a waste of bushels. N. FOSTER.

East Winthrop, Sept. 9, 1846.

MANURE.

We are afraid "Bommer's Method" of preparing manure to enrich and improve the land for good crops, is not properly appreciated by our Farmers. Having no experience in this department of industry ourselves, it does not become us to dictate to those who have; but having noticed many testimonials of experienced Farmers on the subject, we are anxious our Agricultural brethren should have the benefit of that which is immatured, and which, if exposed to the direct and powerful action of this principle, would be a total loss. When cut at the period above specified, the succulent and juicy state of the haulm will cause the unripened grain to fall almost if not quite as rapidly after being cut, as under the most favorable and auspicious circumstances, it could possibly have done before that operation.

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INOCULATION OF FRUIT.

The cultivation of the tea-plant in France bids fair to be a successful experiment. The climate of the south of France is said to be well adapted to the growth of the China herb, which being tried in the open air has developed its leaf firmly. A warm but slightly humid atmosphere is requisite, and the plant transplanted from its native air, which will not grow in Algeria on account of a too parching heat, shoots forth with an excellent promise in a more genial climate of old Gaul.

[Corr. Farmers' Cabinet.]

Important Fact. From Experiments made in England some time since, by Dr. Anderson, it was ascertained that a bushel of wheat measured in a vessel 11 1/2 inches deep, weighed 56 lbs. 6 3/4 oz.; and that a bushel of the same kind of wheat measured in another vessel 8 1/2 inches deep, weighed 56 lbs. 0 1/8 oz., making a difference of rather more than one bushel, in 144-¹/₂ loss of some moment when large quantities are delivered. The same principle will apply to rye, oats, barley, and many other substances sold by measure. [Am. Ag. Ag.]

FARM WORK FOR SEPTEMBER.

We have always so many matters on hand on a farm that the work of one month runs into another. August is the best month for stocking down with grass, but September is also a good month. Your harvest next year will not be so early if you delay sowing till this month, and your grass will not stand the winter quite so well; yet you will have a good burthen from a September seeding if you take care to apply a good dressing to the surface.

This season has been so wet that no loss has arisen from sowing down in any part of the month of August, and we expect to see many luxuriant green lawns in various quarters before October is past. Some farmers tell us they succeed well in sowing after taking off their corn, at the first of October; and we have seen such cases, but we cannot advise any to sow so late for there is too much risk.

It seems from all the cases that we have noticed that if the land is quite rich there is the least danger of winter killing; the roots run deeper and protect themselves better. Not so with trees; in very rich land they grow late, and are more apt to suffer in winter than trees on poorer land. They fail to mature their sap when they grow too late in the season and they are not prepared for the hardest winter weather.

In regard to stocking land down, the earlier it is done, after August is past, the better will be your prospect next summer, and the risk is less.

If corn is topped before harvest time it should be done in the fore part of September; for one advantage of topping lies in opening the field for the growth of turnips among the corn, and for the growth of the grass that was introduced at the last hoeing. Now is the time to make accurate trials to determine conclusively whether it is injurious to corn to cut the stalks early. One instance will not suffice. We want numerous stalks may be taken up and piked very soon after cutting if the pikes are not large, and the bands are not drawn tight. There is no kind of need of tight binding as in the case of grain. The more loose the band the better. Stalks need not stand in pike longer than two weeks when the weather is good.

Hogs should be strictly attended to through the month. They fatten faster and at less cost this month than in any one. All agree that charcoal is good for them. Let them be indulged with a variety of food.

You will begin to pick winter apples before this month is gone. They keep longer when picked thus early, but their flavor is not so good. Keep them as cool as possible if you would not have them rot. [Mass. Ploughman.]

RECEIPTS.—*Naples Biscuit.* Beat eight eggs; add to them one pound of flour, one pound of powdered sugar, and one teaspoonful of essence of lemon. Bake in a quick oven.

Biscuit and Jelly Sandwich. Mix a Naples biscuit and bake it in a basin with straight sides; when cold, cut it in slices three quarters of an inch thick; spread each with some jelly, and replace them, according to their original form; have ready an icing, and cover it, both the top and the sides, and dry it in a warm room.

Log Cake. One pound of butter; two pounds of sugar; three pounds of flour; six eggs, well beaten; one pint of milk; three tablespoomfuls of dry salsiferous; dissolve it in a little warm water; spice to taste; and one pound of currants, well washed and dried, and one pound of raisins; work it well together, and make it into three loaves.

Sabbath Reading.

Written for the Maine Farmer.

GOD IS LOVE.

I read thy love in Nature's book,
In every leaf that clothes the tree;
Each purity stream and running brook,
Teaches a lesson, Lord, of thee.
I read it in the dewy lawn,—
Thy love is like the morning dew,
Like pearls drop at early dawn
It spreads the wide creation through.
I read thy love in morning light,
Tinging with gold the Eastern skies;
Clearing away the shades of night,
Till Sol's bright glowing splendors rise.
I read it in the smiling spring,
Thy love to man is then displayed;
And countless notes are raised to sing
Of Earth, with beauty now arrayed.

I read it in the summer's flowers,—
Emblems of innocence and love,
Which gaily deck the shady bower,
And gaily raise my thoughts above.
Autumn, with smiling plenty crowned,
Displays the fruits of richest love,
Scattering profusely, all around,
Thy choicest blessings from above. R. E. M.

THE SABBATH.

Delightfully refreshing is it for the man of cares, whose spirit has found no rest amid the whirl of business during the week, to seek it within the hallowed wall of the sanctuary on the Sabbath. Precious is it for the true Christian, torn by the brambles and thorns that line the road of life, to stop and rest awhile by the way in this good and holy place; and as he kneels and asks before the altar of his God, to receive nourishment and new life at the hands of his liberal Host; to find his heart made pure and stronger by holy communion with his Maker, to endure what further conflict may await him. Grateful must it be to the poor and oppressed, to repair now to that consecrated place, where, once a week, at least, their thoughts are free, and may fly unreckoned to those pleasant mansions prepared for the souls of the good, even those of the crushed and weary ones. Pleasant also must it be for Princes to throw off their robes of royalty, the flowers of which so many envy, but the thorns of which they endure and know well how to hide, to seek a respite from the galling weight of regal cares, in the bosom of the church, that changeless place, where the overburdened soul may find the rest it wants. Salutary and right is it for the gay and fascinated youth, who is attracted only by the bright things of earth, and finds no time in six days to think on the realities of the future, to repair on this day to the place of worship, and forget at least for the time being, the vanities that so beguile him. Sweet is it for the child, while yet in the bud of its being, to go into this sacred enclosure, for its thots are all pure and holy and cannot but be acceptable to him who said, "of such is the kingdom of Heaven." And doubly sothing is it for the aged one, who feels that his hopes are beyond the grave, to go up to the temple of the living God, from whose pigab-like heights his eye of Faith catches a delightful glimpse of the better than golden city, and as he gazes on the entrancing scene, feels he is ready to go.

But if the Almighty deigns to come down from his holy place, that he may hold converse with men it is not important that man, all sinful as he is, should make some preparation to receive him? Should he not rise in the dew of the morning, and in the closet, with subdued spirit, ask his Maker's blessing, and prepare himself for the place of worship? So as he bends with folded hands, he will be blessed, and go forth refreshed and calm in spirit. When the services of the day are over, he should again steal away from friends and all, and implore a crowning blessing on the instructions just received—to be with him during the coming week, and give him an active spirit to fulfil his Christian duties. He should be ready to visit the sick and the sorrowful—to stand by the bed of the dying and bid them look upward—look beyond this narrow troublesome scene—look to the realms where joys are in full fruition and sorrow cannot invade—ready to wipe the tear of grief from the mourner's eye—ready to take the lost by the hand and lead the wanderer back to virtue and happiness—ready in completion to do good to all. MARY.

[Neal's Gazette.

THE MOTHER.

Scarcely a day passes that we do not hear of the loveliness of woman;—the affection of a sister, or the devotedness of a wife; and it is the remembrance of such things that cheers and comforts the dreariest hours of life,—yet, a mother's love far exceeds them in strength, in disinterestedness, and in purity. The child of her bosom may have forsaken and left her, he may have disregarded all her instructions and warnings, he may have become an outcast from society, and none may care for or notice him; yet his mother changes not, nor is her love weakened, and for him her prayers still ascend! Sickness may weary other friends—misfortune drives away familiar acquaintances,—and poverty leaves none to lean upon; yet they affect not a mother's love, but only call into exercise in a still greater degree her tenderness and affection. The mother has duties to perform which are weighty and responsible; the lisping infant must be taught how to live—the thoughtless child must be instructed in wisdom's ways—the tempted youth be advised and warned—the dangers and difficulties of life must be pointed out, and lessons of virtue must be impressed on the mind. Her words, acts, faults, frailties and temper, are all noticed by those that surround her, and impressions made in the nursery exert a more powerful influence in forming the character, than do any after instructions. All passions are unrestrained—if truth is not adhered to—if consistency is not seen—if there be a want of affection or a murmuring at the dispensations of Providence; the youthful mind will receive the impression, and subsequent life will develop it; but if all is purity, sincerity, truth, contentment, and love, then will the result be a blessing, and many will rejoice in the example and influence of the pious Mother. [Boston Sun.]

LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

Do we not often fail to manifest that love we profess, and which serves as the central link in our symbolic chain, and is emblemized in letters of gold upon our proud and lofty banner? Do we cherish the principles as we ought—do we practice it in our conduct—our speech and writings toward our brethren when they walk uprightly, and when they wander from the path of honor and subordination? We should remember that the follies and false steps of a brother should call forth our love more strongly, and our more zealous exertion that we may win him back, and encourage him to walk uprightly and surely. It is not unfrequently that we are friendly to the pure and honorable, and that we love those who love us, and whose conduct is in unison with our own conceptions of what is really good. But if such men falter through weakness, are found indulging in one evil habit, or speak or write a word that is offensive, we are too likely to withdraw our friendship—suppress the love we cherished for them, and manifest a coldness toward them, and an entire indifference to their respectability and welfare. In this respect we are prone to turn from the example of Him in whom "we trust," to forget the power and love of kindness, to reform and bring back and to exercise that base principle which drives the wanderer farther on.

"When creatures stray
Farthest from God, then warmest toward them burn
His love, even as you sin become holiest on
The earth when most distant."

Are you happy? Make others so. Are you rich? Distribute to the poor. Are you contented? Cheer the lone pathway of your neighbors. In no other way can you subserve the designs of your being and pass through life with true feelings and real felicity.

THE MAINE FARMER.

AUGUSTA, THURSDAY, SEPT. 17, 1846.

Editorial Scribblings.

BY THE PRINTER'S DEVIL.

NOVEL REMEDY. The following rather laughable medical story was related to us for a fact, and therefore we set it afloat as such. A year or two since, a lady up in Somerset county, who was rather given to indolence, and consequently "dumpish" as the phrase is, imagined herself to be sick. Her husband knew better, and also that she only wanted exercise to give her life and restore her to health. At last she was so sick, in her own estimation, as to require the services of a physician. He came, examined her, prescribed some medicine, (a milk and water preparation,) and left. She grew "no better" very fast. Another physician,—an out-and-out wag,—was called in. He had some conversation with the husband before he saw the patient. He, therefore, pronounced her sick, and said he could effect an immediate cure. It was in the summer time, and the window in the sick room was up. The doctor proceeded to the room—closed the door—took off his hat, coat and boots—and deliberately walking to the back side of the bed, jumped in! Oh, horror of horrors! Quick as lightning the sick woman's wonted strength returned, and she sprang from the bed and out of the window, and pulled for the nearest neighbor's, with railroad speed, looking, in her affright and night-clothes, more like a ghost than a well woman! The remedy proved efficacious, and that, too, without a second dose!

HOW HE RAISED 'EM. A good crop of onions is a rare sight to be seen in Maine. There is a little maggot or worm, or something of the sort, that plays the deuce with them—destroys the crop. Many medicines have been prescribed to "fix" this destructive little pest, but without very good success. One of our subscribers, Mr. Amasa Manley of this town, tells us that he has succeeded in raising a fine crop this year. He destroyed the enemy by applying to the onion plants a decoction of tobacco. It was not made very strong, and was poured directly around the plants. The effect was capital, and so are the onions. We know not whether this remedy has been tried before or not; but whether it has or not, in this instance it has worked well, and "nothing else."

DESTROYED BY FIRE. On the 4th instant, as we learn by the Oxford Democrat, the farm buildings, house, porch, wood shed, carriage house, and barn, together with most of their contents, belonging to Mr. Sullivan Andrews of Paris, were entirely destroyed by fire. It is thought that the fire originated from a spark falling on to the roof. Mrs. A. was at work in the cellar when the fire was discovered by her husband, who had left the house but a few minutes previous. Loss estimated at \$2000; \$1000 of which was covered by insurance in the Maine Mutual F. I. Co.

COLLOQUY, between a couple of the "drift woods." Monday night.—"Waal, Bob, we've gin it to you Fed'rs this time. We've 'lected you hull ticket."

"No you haint, by a two chalk. We've gin you Loky Fokies snug fits. But don't crowre you get out o' the woods. Wain till ye hear from Quebec and St. Johns and them ere big willages. Thems what's a goin' to tell the story on our side the house."

"Yas; and you wait till we hear from Dinnimatic Cally-Fornico and Matty-Moores, afore you split your wind pipe a crown."

"Bill, aint you dry?"

"I is that. We's ollers good freends."

"Zackly so—zackly."

"COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO!" A political paper has recently been started in Wilmington, Delaware, called the "Blue Hen's Chicken." Very appropriate for a political paper, where so much cackling and crowing is necessary to keep the broods together and on the right roosts. The "Blue Hen's Chicken" goes in for J. M. Clayton for President, and Gen. Taylor for Vice President. The country is now safe.

SMALL FAVERS GRATEFULLY RECEIVED. The refreshing little shower of Monday night is hereby gratefully acknowledged by all hands. A "few more of the same sort" wouldn't come amiss.

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[See advertisement in another column.]

[From the Boston Mer. Journal.]

WORLD'S TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.

The following letter from Rev. John Marsh, to Deacon Moses Grant, of this city, was received by the Britannia steam packet, dated London, Aug. 10, 1846.

DEAR SIR.— We brought our World's Temperance Convention to a close, on Saturday evening, after a laborious five days' sitting. It has been, upon the whole, an interesting and valuable meeting. It has given us much knowledge of our brethren who are laboring in the Temperance cause here, and of the state of the enterprise. There are many able men here enlisted, and much progress has been made; there seems to be nothing wanting for great success, but union and persevering action. We had about two hundred in the Convention, but none, I am sorry to say, from the continent. Father Mathew did not see fit to favor us with his presence, and if he thought that it would benefit them iota, and not offend other patrons embarked in the same business, he would say to the numerous readers of the Farmer that they (Mead, Lincoln and Darby) keep an extensive assortment of every thing under the sun in the hardware line, from cambric needles up to mammoth stoves, and statuary plows, which, of course, they sell at such rates as yield fair profits and "nothing else."

DEATH OF GEN. CHANDLER. The venerable Gen. Joseph Chandler of this town, died suddenly, on Friday night last, in New York city. He was there on business, and complained in the afternoon of being not quite as well as usual, and consequently postponed his business till the morrow. He retired to his chamber about eight o'clock in the evening. In the morning he was found dead on the floor, beside a chair, with his clothes and spectacles on, and on the stand near him were his papers. It is supposed that the cause of his death was the breakage of a blood vessel. His remains were brought home, and interred on Monday.

BROS. COLES AND POTTER, of the New England Washingtonian, Boston, paid us a very pleasant visit last week. They made two happy speeches, upon the subject of temperance, in the grove in front of the Gage House, Sunday afternoon. Monday evening, in communion with the brethren of Franklin Division, S. of T., they also acquitted themselves very happily. Bro. Cole is one of the *live* genus. The effect of his burning remarks upon the audience, reminds us of the passage that reads something thus:—

"Behold what a great flame a little fire kindleth."

DESTROYED BY FIRE. On the 4th instant, as we learn by the Oxford Democrat, the farm buildings, house, porch, wood shed, carriage house, and barn, together with most of their contents, belonging to Mr. Sullivan Andrews of Paris, were entirely destroyed by fire. It is thought that the fire originated from a spark falling on to the roof. Mrs. A. was at work in the cellar when the fire was discovered by her husband, who had left the house but a few minutes previous. Loss estimated at \$2000; \$1000 of which was covered by insurance in the Maine Mutual F. I. Co.

COLLOQUY, between a couple of the "drift woods." Monday night.—"Waal, Bob, we've gin it to you Fed'rs this time. We've 'lected you hull ticket."

"No you haint, by a two chalk. We've gin you Loky Fokies snug fits. But don't crowre you get out o' the woods. Wain till ye hear from Quebec and St. Johns and them ere big willages. Thems what's a goin' to tell the story on our side the house."

"Yas; and you wait till we hear from Dinnimatic Cally-Fornico and Matty-Moores, afore you split your wind pipe a crown."

"Bill, aint you dry?"

"I is that. We's ollers good freends."

"Zackly so—zackly."

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LONGEVITY. There is a family of nine brothers and sisters now living, by the name of Harwood, children of Daniel Harwood of this town, whose united ages amount to 702, or an average of 78 years. There is another family by the name of Allen, consisting of six, whose united ages amount to 508, or an average of 84 years.

STEERING APPARATUS. Mr. R. C. Holmes has invented a new application of the tiller rope to the wheel for steering vessels, and has prepared a model of the whole application, tiller frame, wheel, and rope, so that the properties of the invention can easily be discerned. The advantages are that there is no slack made, and consequently, there is no vibration of the tiller. The ropes pass round two winches, or small windlasses, so that there is no chafing, and a single hand at the wheel will do the ordinary work of two men. Those who have seen how many turns of the wheel it takes to begin to get the helm in an opposite direction, and what a rapid turning is required in order to secure the slack, will appreciate the operation of Mr. Holmes' invention, when we say that every such turn at the wheel affects the rudder.

[*Philad. U. S. Gaz.*]

REV. DR. BUSHNELL of Hartford, is to deliver the annual address before the "Hartford County Agricultural Society," on the 2d of October next.

The Muse.

THE GAMBLER'S WIFE.

Dark is the night! How dark! No light! No fire! Cold on the earth the last faint sparks expire; Shivering she watches by the cradle side For him who pledged her love—last year a bride!

"Hark! 'tis his footstep! No! 'tis past—'tis gone!" Tick—tack! "How weary the time crawls on; Why should he leave me thus? He once was kind, And I believed 'twould last. How mad! How blind!

"Rest thee, my babe—rest on. 'Tis hunger's cry! Sleep! for there is no food! The faint is dry; Famish and cold their wearying work have done; My heart must break! And then?—The clock strikes one.

"Hush! 'tis the dice-box! Yes, he's there, he's there! For this, for this, he leaves me to despair! Leaves love, leaves truth—his wife! His love! For what? The wanton's smile, the villain, and the sot!

"Yet I'll not curse him. No, 'tis all in vain; 'Tis long to wait, but he'll come again! And I could stifle and bleed him but for you, My child—my child! Oh friend!—The clock strikes two!

"Hark how the sign-board cracks—the wind howls by; Moan! moan! A dirge swells thro' the clouded sky! Ha! 'tis his knock!—he comes!—he comes once more! 'Tis but the lattice flap? The hope is o'er.

"Can he desert me thus? He knows I stay Night after night in loneliness to pray For his return—but yet he sees no tear! No, no. It cannot be. He will be here!

"Nestle more closely, dear one, to my heart! Thou'rt cold! thou'rt freezing! but we will not part! Husband!—I die!—Father, it is not he! Oh, God! protect my child!" The clock strikes three. They're gone, they're gone! the glimmering spark hath fled!

The wife and child are numbered with the dead; On the cold earth, outstretched in solemn rest, The babe lay frozen on its mother's breast. The gambler came at last—but all was o'er—Dead silence reigned around—the clock struck four!

ONE HOUR WITH THEE.

One hour with thee! when summer's sunset closes, And day's last blushes gild the quiet grave; One hour with thee! to teach the shutting roses, And whisper in thine ear soft tales of love! All the fond heart has treasured through the day, At evening's dewy close, for faithful lips to say!

One hour with thee! when day's dull toils are over, And wearied nature courts the peaceful scene; One hour with thee! when gentle spirits hover Around our guarded path—unheard, unseen; Then all the vexing cares of busy day, One hour with thee, at eve can well repay!

One hour with thee! when infant eyes are sleeping The dove like sleep that only childhood knows; One hour with thee! when eve's pale star is keeping Her only watch, till Heaven with radiance glows; Like the true star, thou art the guiding ray That charms my path, and lights me on my way!

One hour with thee! outweighs the empty splendor, The heartless joys for which so many live; For one such hour how gladly I surrender All fashion's crowds and fashion's pomp can give; Sick of life's gaudy scenes, I steal away, To share thy converse at the close of day.

The Story Teller.

[From the Illustrated Magazine.]

THE LAST SACRIFICE.

An Incident at the Battle of Germantown.

BY LAWRENCE LARREE.

We have heard the story of a young man who lived during the perilous times of our country—those "times that tried men's souls." He was ardent and patriotic, and thirsted to be a sharer in those glories which our brave armies plucked from the bristling bayonets of the enemy; yet he had been withheld from joining the ranks by aged and infirm parents, whose only support and comfort he was. As he looked upon the feebleness of their old age, and thought of the perils they would be exposed to with no defender of their helplessness, he gave a sigh for the destinies of his country, and resigned himself to the duties of the small farm that was their only support. He could not desert them, and leave them to the mercy of the vagabond stragglers from the enemy's camp, and the worse traitors to his own country. Instances were too fresh in his memory of reverend heads and hoary locks having been crushed to the dust by midnight plunderers and assassins, and his love for the authors of his wrongs left him nothing but his prayers for his oppressed country.

But he had other affections that were growing in his breast like spring flowers, shedding a perfume of holiness upon his spirit, like the Christian's inspiration. There had existed, since their childhood, an attachment between him and the only daughter of a widow who resided but a few rods from his father's residence, and that attachment had ripened to a mutual declaration of love when the parties became sufficiently old to appreciate the glow of true devotion. A time was set for the consummation of their vows, which was the evening of the ever memorable 23rd of December, 1776, at the time that Washington was making his perilous but triumphant passage across the Delaware, amid floating ice, and suffering from the intense cold of the season.

The two families were now united, George removing his bride and her mother to the house of his father. But still he was not happy—he could not banish from his mind an oppressive anxiety for the welfare of his country, and the doubtful struggle which she was maintaining in the hopes of acquiring that freedom for which every noble heart so warmly prayed.

In a week from the night of the passage of the Delaware, Washington met a detachment of the enemy at Princeton, which he defeated with small loss, with the exception of several officers, among whom was the gallant and brave General Mercer, while that of the enemy was upward of one hundred killed, and the remainder, about three hundred, taken prisoners. The general then retired to winter quarters at Morristown, where he did not leave until the latter end of May, with an army amounting to but little over seven thousand men, although Congress had offered recruits bounties in land, with increased pay.

At this time George burned to enlist in the ranks of his countrymen, and share their sufferings and their glory. But his young wife looked in his face with weeping eyes, whose eloquence, added to the infirmities of his parents, deterred him from the sacrifice. Besides, as the roads became more passable, and the season more temperate, robberies and midnight excursions of straggling Hessians and skimmers were more frequent, and the house of one of their neighbors had been pillaged, the inmates brutally murdered, and the dwelling set on fire, within sight of their friends, who could offer them no assistance, excepting as they did, every moment to meet a similar fate.

In this state of inquietude passed away the summer, until the intelligence reached George of the engagement between the American and English armies at Brandywine, on the 11th of September, when the republican forces were compelled to retire after a day's hard fighting, with a

loss that was estimated at three hundred killed, about six hundred wounded, and between three and four hundred made prisoners.

This reverse of the American arms aroused anew the patriotic feelings of George, and he at once communicated his intentions to his father, who offered no impediment to his immediately joining the army and helping to retrieve what had been unfortunately lost.

"Go, my son," said he, "I am beyond service,

myself; but like Abraham of old, I am willing to offer my son to the sacrifice. Let the plea of protection to your parents be no longer an excuse to keep you from the ranks of those brave and devoted men who follow Washington, but receive our blessing, and bid farewell to your young wife, whose love of her country I am sure cannot be less than her affection for yourself. If you fall it is in a just and holy cause."

This was heroic advice, but nowise uncommon in the mouths of our venerable sires. George communicated his design to his mother, and afterward to his wife; but the latter would not listen to his arguments, and wept, and beseeched him not to leave them to the mercy of the mercenary robbers that overrun the country in the neighborhood of the British armies. Earnestly did he plead the sufferings of his countrymen and the necessity of his presence among those who were battling for the blessings of liberty—to nothing would she listen—no argument could convince her. What was a single arm in the mighty strife! Despairing and impatient, our hero at length resolved to leave for the army the ensuing night, and for this purpose he made all necessary preparation for his secret departure. His gun and knapsack were deposited in the barn, and a letter of farewell written which he glistened with tears, she exclaimed:

"Oh, my son, you are a good boy!

"Hark! 'tis the dice-box! Yes, he's there, he's there!

"For this, for this, he leaves me to despair!

"Leaves love, leaves truth—his wife! His love!

"For what? The wanton's smile, the villain, and the sot!

"Yet I'll not curse him. No, 'tis all in vain;

"'Tis long to wait, but he'll come again!

"And I could stifle and bleed him but for you, My child—my child! Oh friend!—The clock strikes two!

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